



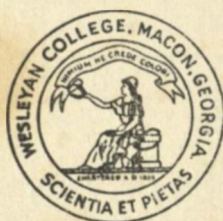
THE WESLEYAN



THE WESLEYAN

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

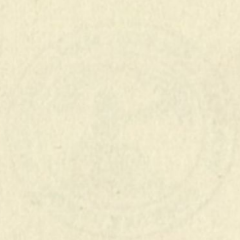


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JUST ABOUT JIM

Gosh, I can't write a love story. I guess I'm not much at writing, anyway, except about horses, or maybe the river that runs back of Aunt Mary's house. But I just want to tell you about Tim and what he can do for a girl like me.

When I say "a girl like me," I just mean that I'm not exactly the average American college-girl, because I didn't grow up like most of them did. You see, my mother and father were both killed in an accident when I was still a little girl. So there never was much home life for me. Mother had one sister, and Dad had a brother. Most of the time I lived with Aunt Mary in South Carolina. She's grand, and she's been wonderful to me; but Aunt Mary's old and single, and she's never had much money. So every summer I went to Maine to stay with Uncle John. That's where I first began to like horses. And I guess when you don't have any folks very close, a beautiful horse with big understanding eyes can get to be pretty important in your life. (I *knew* I'd have to say something about horses.) Life always seemed good and happy, though, even with the gaps.

I never thought so very much about what I was missing until I came here to college. It was when the other girls began to talk about their folks—about the brothers and sisters that they always seem to be so proud of, and about things like going to church with all the family, or taking a trip together, or the talks they'd had with Mom and Dad, that I began to think—and feel kind of empty. Sounds funny, but I wish I'd been scolded by my mother about my grades when I was in high school. And I'd like to go down to the post office after breakfast to get a gossipy letter from the family, or laugh with the girls about a poor misspelled little note from my kid brother.

Don't misunderstand me—I'm not at all unhappy here at school, or anything like that. The people here are wonderful, and I can't think of a better place for me to be. But I don't really fit, all the way, because I can't share these things they've known.

And about boys—well, I don't honestly know. But I've thought about it, and I've always thought I'd like to be married someday and have the family I've missed. Maybe I won't be much of a wife or mother, though, because I wouldn't have any idea how a wife or mother acts.

That's how things stood until last November. Then, one beautiful Saturday afternoon I went down to the stables, thinking I would ride Black Boy until time to dress for dinner. That's when I met Tim. He was just a tall, uniformed figure slouched on the rail, watching Black Boy in the ring. Then he turned around, and he was a friendly grin and smiling blue eyes in a tanned face. Enthusiastically he nodded toward the ring and asked, "Isn't he a beauty?" Without even thinking about it, I leaned against the rail by this friendly 'stranger who liked Black Boy; together we watched the beautiful horse go through his paces as skillfully as if he knew that two admirers were applauding every dainty step and graceful turn.

"That's Black Boy, and he's tops," I volunteered.

"Yes, I can see he is. You came down to ride him, didn't you?"

"After he cools off from this. We go over the whole trail every Saturday afternoon."

"I came out to ride, too, but I had to stop and watch him. If I get one of these others, could I ride with you? I've never ridden out here." And as I hesitated, "My name is Tim, and I'm out at the field here waiting for assign-

ment to go over."

"Of course you can ride with me," and I matched his grin.

For a long time we just rode through the warm sunlight and the cool shadows of the trail. Then we talked for an even longer time as we walked the horses, and I told Tim the same things I've told you. It was easy to talk to him, because he was so friendly and sincere, and he liked Black Boy. At the same time he told me about himself—about the family that was just exactly "right," about school, and how it feels to pilot a great powerful plane through the skies. Like the girls at school, he was very proud of his little brother and sister, Bill and Ann, and his voice was full of tenderness as he talked about them. Quietly he told me how much he liked his work, electrical engineering, and of the place that was waiting for him when the war was over. Then his face glowed as he talked about flying. Tim made all of life sound like one great, victorious flight. I guess that's why he has that friendly grin and those smiling eyes. I liked him.

Back at the stables, he helped me dismount. "Won't you come ride with me tomorrow afternoon?" he asked. I was happy.

As I slowly walked back to school, I knew that this had been the best of all the Saturday afternoons. And I was glad that Black Boy had been our first bond.

Tim and I rode the next day and many, many other bright days. Out of the hours we spent together, there grew a kind of magic I had not known ever before in my twenty years. And there was magic in Tim. He was strong—but most men are strong. The wonderful thing in Tim was his tenderness, a tenderness that is beautiful in strong men. There was something else, too, but I don't know exactly how to tell you about it. I guess it was this—sometimes he

was so old, older even than Uncle John, that it made me hurt; again, he was so much a little boy that I, too, felt a great laughing tenderness in myself. The most wonderful and unbelievable thing of all was that both Tim the man and Tim the boy needed and wanted *me*. I suppose that was so wonderful because no one had ever really needed me before. For the first time, I felt like a woman.

It was almost time to leave school for Christmas vacation when Tim asked me to spend the holidays with his family. "Mary Ann, Christmas is a time for love, and that's when we belong together."

So I went home with Tim; everything and everybody was just as Tim and the girls at school always said. His dad said it would be good to have a big daughter, that he'd always wanted one. Bill and Ann teased and conspired just as I'd always thought kid brothers and sisters would. And Tim's mother—well, she treated me just as if I had always belonged, and I loved her from the first minute. I had a family.

I had been back at school only one week when Tim called in the afternoon to tell me that he was leaving. A few minutes later, he flew over the school, circled high above and dipped his wings to say good bye. I watched his plane become smaller and smaller and finally disappear. But I wasn't afraid at all—funny, isn't it?

And while I'm waiting for Tim to come back, I can go down to the post office after breakfast in the mornings and get a gossip letter from the folks and funny little mis-spelled notes from Bill and Ann. Best of all, there are long, long letters that begin, "My darling Mary Ann," and end, "Your Tim—always."

And that's the way I'd like for this story to end—just about Tim.

—PATRICIA MARKEY.

PULITZER GOES EAST

Behind the grandeur, charm, and influence of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's visit to the United States in the spring of 1943, there was shrouded a tale,—a fascinating tale about the beginning of advanced journalistic training in China.

The First Lady of China was accompanied on her trip among others by Dr. Hollington K. Tong, one of China's foremost newspapermen. For a long time, Dr. Tong had been aware of the need for more trained newsmen in his country. During his short stay in New York, he had a chance to discuss the problem with Carl Ackerman, his former classmate and Dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, America's prime journalistic training center. Dean Ackerman expressed great enthusiasm about assisting to establish a graduate school of journalism in China. Before Dr. Tong returned to Chungking, both funds and faculty had been gathered for the project. Anonymous donors gave \$75,000; additional funds were to be raised in China.

On October 11, 1943, the brand new Post-Graduate School of Journalism of the Central Political Institute began its first day of classes at the famed Press Conference Hall for foreign correspondents in Chungking. Tomorrow's editors and reporters were drilled in streamline fashion by first-rate American newsmen at China's first graduate school of journalism. Pulitzer has gone to the Orient to turn a new page in the history of newspaper work.

China's new School of Journalism lacks many of the everyday comforts of American school life. There are no beautiful campus surrounding brick buildings. There are no roomy dormitories for after-class recreation and relaxation. The Chungking school does not even have easy access to a radio where flash news may be re-

ceived.

The one and only lecture room is also used as a movie exhibition house, a banquet hall, and a press conference room. In the morning the elbows of studious, eager-to-learn, budding journalists rest on a long conference; at night this same table serves as a bedstead for exhausted coolies.

As elsewhere in war-stricken China, the students work under hard conditions. There is no running water, and the lighting is poor. Communication facilities are limited to a handful of buses that have gone through enough wear and tear. Rickshaws are available only for the sick and feeble. Telephone connections are vexingly unreliable. Thus, students of the Chungking School of Journalism take one whole afternoon to cover assignments that reporters here can accomplish by five-minute phone calls.

Bamboo figures prominently in crude Chungking life—dormitories built with bamboo and mud, bamboo benches, bamboo tables, bamboo bookcases, windows "glassed" with bamboo-paper. Now and then bamboo-shoots appear on dinner tables where one eats with bamboo chopsticks.

Meals consist of rice and plenty of vegetables, but seldom of meat. A popular saying describing the despair of getting meat speaks of it as "fishing the moon out of the sea."

The so-called Reference Library boasts of a shelf of about twenty books brought there by the American faculty. Specimens of American newspapers, the New York Times, donated by its former correspondent stationed in Chungking, Brooks Atkinson, and scanty copies of the New York Herald Tribune, all one year or more out-of-date, are prized treasures.

And yet, despite all these difficulties, thirty young Chinese, of whom seven were girls, grad-

uated last October, full-fledged, to join the army of the fourth estate of New China. Thirty-five more are undergoing the same training this year and will be graduated in October. Evidently, the founders of the school are pleased with it, for another \$50,000 has recently been appropriated to continue it a third year.

Applicants to the school went through rigid examinations simultaneously held in Chungking, Chengtu, Kunming, and Kweilin, four of the major cities in wartime China. The first class of thirty were chosen out of 200 contestants. Ex-newspapermen, pilots, government employees, professors, fresh college graduates, and two or three green undergraduates made up a versatile group. The eldest in the pioneer class, 38, could well be the father of the youngest, 20, and indeed, had been teacher to two of his new schoolmates. Quite a few were married and had children.

At the end of the first year, one couple from the school married, and another announced their engagement. One boy married a girl out of the school and another girl was on the verge of changing her name. So there boy meets girl, and the school deservedly earned its name as the "Match Factory."

The curriculum includes intensive coaching on newspaper reporting, writing, and editing, feature and editorial writing, radio news broadcasting and writing, and a survey of the history and evolution of English and American journalism. The American faculty of four has been enlarged to six, and three Chinese guest-lecturers are invited to join the staff.

Like American schools of journalism, the Chungking institute operates its own newspa-

per, with advantages of little competition and a wide field. The Chungking Reporter, the student paper, and one of the only three English-language papers in Free China, is winning acknowledgment as being the most Americanized paper and having the best local coverage. Thirty reporters comb government offices, civil centers, cultural institutes, foreign embassies and legations, recreation grounds, and the social world of Chungking to get the latest news and gossips. Even foreign correspondents subscribe to the paper for news tips and feature material.

Four boys from the school were given special radio training last year. As a result, America hears The Voice of China, the sole Chinese radio station, and learns more about China from newscasts and special features prepared sometimes by those students.

Today graduates of this school are already being sent out as war correspondents for better coverage of China's battle-grounds. Public relations officers trained by this school are now attached to various Allied air forces in China. An experiment of attaching public relation officers to provincial leaders is being carried out with one student serving the Governor of Szechwan, Chang Chun, known as one of China's chief liberal forces. Two graduates are en route to America to join the Columbia School of Journalism on Pulitzer honor scholarships. After April ten more will be enabled to come for further training.

America has helped to make possible prospective future of journalism in China. Another milestone has been crossed in Chinese-American interchange of culture.

—MARY MEISUNG EUYANG.

DON'T TRUST ALL THE FISH IN THE SEA!

Perhaps you've heard of the kind of small town where everyone knows everyone else's business, his love, and sorrow. So it was in Pisces Village. All the oldtimer fish citizens predicted the marriage of Goldie Goldfish and Truman Trout, who had been steady flames for years.

The pair had grown up from childhood together. Through the years they graduated from the stage of playing hide-and-seek in their favorite coral grove to taking Sunday afternoon drives together.

Now Goldie was a most attractive young lady. With her bright eyes, gleaming golden locks, and sweet manner she won the admiration of many suitors. These, however, were always ignored in preference to dear Truman.

Truman Trout was one of the most respected young men fish of the village. He was rapidly achieving his life ambition—to run a gro-sea-ry store and super fish market. Although there was a definite understanding between them, he and Goldie hadn't yet become of-fish-ially engaged, since he was the type of young fish who demanded sea-curity before assuming the responsibilities of a family.

Truman had friends among the young and old. The neighbor's children, Flitter, Flutter, and Putter Perch, would flock eagerly about him every night when he came home from work. Even old Grandpa Hermitcrabb always greeted him cheerfully, since Truman had put in a good word for him the time the Pisces citizens tried to sue him for damages; Grandpa had refused to sweep the slime off his doorstep and delighted in watching visitors slide down. Until now Truman had led an undisturbed life, but his Waterloo was soon to come.

One day, while unsuspecting little Goldie was pulling up seaweeds out of her flower garden

she caught sight of some tempting candied worms near her. She reached eagerly for the choice tidbit, and just as she was taking a bite someone suddenly swept her completely off her feet. Indignantly picking herself up she looked right into the startling eyes of Lt. Errol Finn, of the Flying Fish Forces.

"Oh, oh," she breathed and fluttered her little lashes in embarrassment. But when he showed her the dangerous hook hidden under the candy she gave a deeper sigh. "Oh, my hero!"

Lt. Finn, flourishing his cocky Flying Fish Corps cap, gave a bow, and with a very impudent look in his eyes exclaimed, "What's cooking, good looking? How 'bout a date to-night!"

Seeing his beautiful pair of silver fins and the handsome uniform, she was completely captivated. "Why, why—I'd love it!"

Poor, plain Truman was forgotten. After all, what was his old waterbuggy with that bony old sea horse compared to this strange, new man's de luxe Oystermobile? Errol whirled her around in it to all the nightspots—the Shell-light Roof Gardens, the gay jive of Clapper Gill's Orchestra, the Goldfish Rouge. It was a whirlpool courtship. Night after night he deluged her with sea orchids and Nunnally's Chocolate Covered Fishfood. Goldie's shiny little head was swimming with excitement.

One night in the romantic light of the lighthouse beam Errol parked his slinky car under a beautiful coral tree, casually lighted a sea-garette, and popped the question. Poor Goldie was quite overcome. Could this dark, handsome stranger actually love her? But she didn't hesitate. "Oh, oh—well, all right!"

The wedding, held several evenings later in the little ta-barnacle church around the corner,

was one of the most elaborate ever performed in Pisces Village. Goldie, wearing a lovely white fingertip fishnet veil, made a beautiful bride. Pompous Brother Flounder performed the ceremony; Letty Corina played the wedding march on the conchshell organ. Goldie's mother wept in joy while the neighbors whispered about the attendants' dresses. In spite of the unexpectedness of the wedding, all the village came to see the happy event—that is, all except Truman Trout. He was nowhere to be seen.

As the couple, now Lt. and Mrs. Errol Finn, hurried up the aisle, they were showered with good wishes and gold fish food. Amid the clatter of the sardine cans tied to the back of their oyster-mobile they sped away.

Sleepy Lagoon was the ideal place for a honeymoon. They basked in the sun and swam in the crystal water. However it suddenly came to an end. A messenger brought a turtlegram to Errol. "—Regret to inform you that your fishlough is canceled. Please return to base immediately for overseas action."

Tenderly he wiped away his little wife's tears, took her back to her mother's shell house, and joined his comrades at the nearby Flying base. Late that night while the lonely bride was crying herself to sleep she heard the roaring motors of flying fish overhead—as they dipped their wings and went away.

Goldie wrote a C-mail to her husband every day, and would greet Mr. Minnow, the postman, very anxiously, but for the first few weeks there was no answer. Finally she was rewarded when one morning the sea-horse express came lapping up to her door. "A package from Lt. Finn." Eagerly ripping off the paper she found a lovely bra-sea-let made on some south sea island. After this in-sea-dent she heard from him quite often, but somehow his letters sounded dull and in-sea-gnificant compared to the

memory she had for him.

Bored with this sea-cluded life she was leading, little Goldie began to think of dependable old Truman, who had floated out of her life the day of the wedding. As if in answer to her queries, one afternoon she was aroused by the honking of a horn and the shrill clamor of girl-fishes' voices. Looking quickly out the window she saw a sleek coral convertible whizzing by with none other than—Truman Trout at the wheel, surrounded by admiring mermaids. How good he looked with his chest full of fish-hook medals, but he sped on by without even a glance in her direction.

As she strained her head out the window for a better view Goldie heard the doorbell buzz violently. Flustered by Truman's sudden transformation, she went to answer the doorbell muttering, "Oh, why do I have to be bothered with some old sailman today; they're all alike." She impatiently jerked open the door, "Well, what are you selling?"

The flashily dressed sea-villain standing there stared at her in astonishment. Goldie, still engrossed in the sea-ne she had just witnessed, snapped, "No, thanks, I don't need any," and was about to slam the shell door when he gasped, "But, Goldie, don't you recognize me? It's Errol, your husband. I'm discharged from the Flying Fish Forces, and am home to stay!"

Goldie was bewildered. This emaciated fish couldn't be the handsome one she had married! Why, without his uniform his shoulders were skinny and the cocky, Fish Corps gleam had disappeared from his eyes. "Oh, oh," she murmured in a daze, "how nice!" and invited him in.

Errol told her that he had been discharged for meritorious service, but Mrs. Mullet Mulligan, Pisces' biggest gossip, declared that it was for too much gambling and flying too low over

mermaids' bathing pools. Anyway, all of Errol's glamor had disappeared with his uniform, and also, all of his money. Even his impressive car had been lost in a crab game.

While he got a somewhat in-sea-cure job at a seafood factory, little Goldie discarded her sea-quin frocks and donned plain calico dresses in which to do her washing and cooking. Gone was the excited life of night clubs and parties! Soon new additions began to arrive in the Finn fish family, and the little shell shack was overflowing. Tired Goldie didn't have time to complain about her difficult life with this uninteresting fish-husband, but often, when she saw billboards advertising the latest movie with handsome Truman Trout as the star fish, she sighed

in regret.

* * *

Years later, after her golden locks had turned to grey, Granny Finn would rock her grand-fishes and tell them fish stories about her life. "Oh yes, your grandpop was a card in his younger days. He wore a handsome Fish Corps uniform in the last war and flew a Flying Fish, which in those days seemed as fast as the barnacled keel rocket ships we have today." Then she would add with a misty look in her eyes, "Yep, your grandpop really swept me off my feet with his uniform,—but you should have seen the one that got away!"

—MARGARET WHITNEY.

SPRING

*Spring tiptoed through my window
And ruffled up my hair,
She snatched at all my papers
And tossed them in the air,
She pushed me in the garden
And threw me on the grass,
And then she gave me violets
And let the pink clouds pass.*



*She covered me with daffodils
And sprinkled me with dew,
And then she turned quite suddenly
And o'er the hill she flew!
And when I ran to follow her
To bring her back to play,
I found she'd run off with my heart
And left Love there to stay.*

—MARTHA RUMBLE.

TWILIGHT . . . AND DARKNESS

Twilight.

*One breathless moment captured
And held motionless.
Through a heavy grey canopy of clouds
Bursts the setting sun—
Resplendent in glory.
Purple clouds, gold-tipped,
Hover among Day's last amber rays of light.*

*One patch of lucid blue
Holds the pale evening star,
Shielded by a sliver
Of new moon,
Which seems to pause before
Revealing its full brilliance.*

*Dark velvet pines
Cluster beyond the grass—
Still glowing in the dusky light.
Stacks of hay are scattered on the rolling carpet
That is the hill.
Silence everywhere.*

*Suddenly
In the azure clearness
A tiny speck appears—grows.
Wings,
A throbbing roar of motors—
Grim reminders of other sunsets
Marred by strife
And bitter hatred.*

*Painful clarity now.
Fresh memories of an envelope—
Returned . . . unopened.
Precise black letters that sear deeply
Into the very heart
DECEASED.*

*The dull curtain darkens.
Like an omen of fate
It envelopes with cruel slowness
The gold—the blue.
Even the moon
Gives up its struggle
To shine.*

Now, darkness.

—MARGARET WHITNEY.

WESLEYAN SENIORS TELL A STORY

"We have a child who is all our very own—we have a little boy whose hair is brown and wavy and tousled—we have a little boy who is a real boy. He does the things that little boys do—gets black and dirty in a coal bin. He likes the things that little boys like—his hobby is model airplanes. He is not so little, he says. He is four years old and he has had adventure. He has experienced things we will never know. He was in London during air raids, and he knew what it was to see his own home tumbling down like blocks he could kick over. And he is ours!

"It happened like this. One day a letter came from somewhere in New York. Who, thought we, could be writing to the Senior Class? It was the *Foster Parents Plan for War Children, Inc.*, and they asked if we would like to adopt a child. Who? Where? We were ignorant then, but we found out. All the time we read 'These are English children whose parents have to put them in a colony out in the country not too far from London as a safety measure', we could not read between the lines and know they were speaking of our Tony. But they were.

"Somehow there was a feeling right then and there that we all shared. We decided that every girl would contribute just thirty cents a month and we would be able to make our little boy happy and give him a chance to play without fearing sirens screaming through the night or tensely listening to the rumble of trim motors somewhere overhead. Now, he has had sunshine. Last summer he acquired a beautiful American toast tan, and he is not nervous anymore. He has gained some weight and his grades in school are good.

"Maybe we are like the old mama crow who



always calls her 'little crow white.' But after all, he is our child and we are going to watch him grow and some day maybe we will meet him. He is our dream child — the one we planned Christmas boxes for and the one who will hold a special place as our first child.

"Don't you want a baby, too? There is nothing quite so wonderful as having a child of your own—but we have got Anthony Gilder. Maybe you can have second best, though."

THE STAFF

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Life has a music, deep and full. If I pipe my own tune softly, sometimes I hear the plaintive sound of humanity weighing upon me with its weary notes. The music rises from the city, heavy and choking with the factory smoke. My ears hear, and my heart cries, for I sense the sob of a lonely child, the whispering sigh of a crumbling dream, the faint far cry of an empty heart.

I listen, the music rises from the open lands. My ears hear, and my heart cries, for I know the sound of dry, parched earth, the groaning voice of aching bodies, the harsh, hopeless scraping of empty bowls.

Life as a whole has a deep sad music, yet each man sings his separate song, deaf to all notes save the ones his own heart knows.

NO SECOND SPRING

It was the cool, clear wind blowing, fresh with the odor of damp earth that brought the longing to me. I turned toward the wind's strength. It touched my face, tangled my hair, teased my memory. There was a familiar feel in the rushing air, and I knew an odd acquaintance with the earthy smell it brought. An exhilarating eagerness raced through my body as if I had touched an unseen spark. In the pushing, shoving wind I sensed strangely the shadow of the child I used to be. I breathed deeply, deeply, hoping I might recapture joy and youth and breath in a second spring.

I caught childishly at the wind and tried to hug it to me. I cried crazily, "Blow my childhood back again. Give me a second spring."

My voice was lifted by the wind, hurled against a hill and flung back at me. I heard the sound, weak and weary, echoing in my ears and, ashamed of my foolishness, I sank to my knees in the grass . . . *wondering . . . wanting.*

It is strange that I did not hear the movement behind me. I was not conscious of anyone near me until I felt small fingers pressed against my shoulder. Turning I saw *her* standing there watching me. Of course, she had an age, for all people do, but hers I could not guess. She was a child. That is enough. Her hair was dark and short, cut neatly with straight shiny bangs. Her eyes . . . they were just little girl eyes filled with sparkle and seeing. Her lips, I remember, were parted slightly, a young mouth filled with unspoken, eager questions. Restless little toes wiggled in the damp grass, and I felt those small feet might any moment carry the child away from me.

I spoke quickly, "Where did you come from?"

There was a light, gay quality in her voice. "I came from over yonder." I watched her

hand as it pointed toward tall trees, made blue by distance, faint traces of hills lost in low-hanging clouds.

"Over yonder?" I questioned and watched her nod indifferently. "But that is far away."

"Not if you hurry." The remark puzzled me, but she looked so intelligent when she uttered it that I was sure I was to blame for not understanding.

She was in front of me now, her yellow printed dress billowing about her until I had a faint picture of daffodils on a windy hillside. "Let's race down the hill," she said, pulling me by the hand. "I can get to the bottom 'fore you *and* the wind."

"But you cannot race with the wind," I objected. "Why not just walk down, examining things as we go along." I suggested this after looking down the steep hillside covered with stubby grass and unexpected rocks jutting up here and there.

"That's no fun. Come on 'scardy cat,'" and she was off, her yellow dress a blur before my eyes. Afraid that I would lose her, I followed. My feet felt heavy and clumsy as I stumbled awkwardly, trying to avoid unexpected rough places. *Her* feet skipped and skimmed the earth until I was sure she was flying. My chest hurt, and the cold air cut my face and caught at my breath. I wanted to shout at the child to stop, but I could not speak. She was below me, now spinning around on one foot, laughing up at me, telling me to hurry. I do not remember reaching the bottom of the hill. I was only conscious that the roar of the wind in my ears was gone. I was weak, *weak*, breathing hard and kneeling in the grass. She was beside me. I felt I must apologize for getting tired, but suddenly it seemed senseless that age should say to youth, "I am sorry I could not keep up

with you." I dare say she had not expected me to. Her race had been with the wind, not with me.

I lay on my back now, listening to the tired thud of my heart. I felt faintly impatient with the child for suggesting a race.

Above me, far, far above me was the blue of the sky. It was everywhere, vast, never-ending blueness, above me, above crowded, crawling cities, above rolling green plains, above surging oceans, above . . . I was lost in the immensity of the thought.

A quiet sound interrupted my thinking, and I knew the child by my side in the grass was whispering to herself, "And if I turn it upside down it would look like that." Her eyes searched the blue.

I was puzzled, "If you turned what up-side-down?"

She smiled at me patiently, "My blue cereal bowl, of course. The sky is as blue as it, and if I turned my bowl up-side-down and hide under it, then it would look just like that." Small fingers pointed to the sky, a sky no longer vast, unending richness, but a blue cereal bowl turned up-side-down over our heads.

Mature thoughts rushed to my mind, and I wanted to broaden her view, give her a sense of the immensity of space. I looked at her smallness in the grass beside me and knew oddly that *her world was* for her size *right*, the roundness of a small blue cereal bowl. I wanted the snug feeling such a world must bring, but my sky was large now, never ending above my head.

Restlessness and dissatisfaction melted away. Now I was satisfied. I wanted to stay on my back through long, lazy hours. She *was not* content. Her restlessness was of a roving sort, a rebellion against inaction, and I knew before she spoke she wanted to leave.

"Let me show you my secret spot," were her words. "No one knows where it is but me." I could not ignore the hopefulness in her voice

or resist the excitement that was in her every movement.

The walk was a happy one, broken occasionally by an odd sense that I had lived the moment before, that my feet had some long gone day stumbled down this same path. It was not an unpleasant sensation; rather I felt my spirits rise oddly whenever the gay, laughing voice of the child called to me. "Just three more oak trees to pass, then we'll be almost there. Promise to close your eyes when I say."

I promised, feeling a little foolish. We passed the last leafy oak tree and started down a path lush with trailing vines, dark, dewy ferns. There was a coolness in the air, and I knew again the fresh odor of damp earth. A feeling of nostalgia clung to me the deeper we ventured. I scarcely heard the child's voice when she cautioned, "Now close your eyes."

I closed them, and the strangest thing happened. Into my mind's eye there flashed, clear and beautiful in every detail, a scene I had known as a child. There was a brook bubbling over rocks of strange color and shape, a brook with flashing silver streaks upon it. Many huge rocks jutted out above the brook, hanging dangerously over the water. They cast shadows that lay everywhere like dark, soft carpets. Underneath a tree not far from the brook was a gold box filled with jewels, red, green, yellow. Music was in my mind and a part of the picture, low, indescribable music that seemed to come from just above my head.

I heard a faint voice saying, "Now open your eyes." For a moment I could not. I was afraid and clung to the lovely picture in my mind. It grew larger, the water, the rocks, the jewels dazzled and bewitched my mind. *Then I knew.* I was to see this scene again. This unexplained child had brought me here. I was suddenly breathless with anticipation, for I was to see my secret spot again. My eyes opened. I seemed to stumble blindly after the little yellow figure before me.

Her voice was breathless. "Look!" she whispered, pointing to the water. My eyes cleared, and I saw a stream, narrow and dirty, lazily rippling over flat, slick stones. The sun splotched the water here and there emphasizing its muddiness.

"See the silver on the waves," she said. I could not answer. I could do nothing but watch her. She looked up cautiously at the few rocks on the bank above her, rocks held firmly in place by good solid earth. "Don't breathe too hard or they might fall." She was scarcely breathing. With her eyes upon me I could do nothing but obey. My breath came quickly and lightly.

"Come on," she whispered, "and look at my treasure." I watched her tiptoe lightly over the shadows cast by the rocks. "Be careful of the carpet, please. I try not to walk heavy on it so it will last longer."

I bit my tongue to keep from saying, "Those are shadows. See I can jump on them, and it will not matter." I did not speak, but knelt beside her as she bent over an old tin candy box filled with broken bits of colored glass. I watched her fingers touch each piece with a special care and knew without being told that she remembered where she had found every broken bit. Her eyes were filled with mystery as she lifted a jagged piece of green glass toward the sunlight. "This is my favorite jewel. Do you want to hold it?"

I knew she wanted me to take its small roughness into my hands, and *for that reason* I held it—*no other*. It was not a jewel to me, just a piece of broken green bottle. We sat for a long time together, searching in her box for special treasures. Darkness fell about us, and I was conscious of the coldness and stiffness in me.

"It is late," I said. "We must go."

She was a child, and time was nothing to her. I knew this when she looked about her at the darkening world. "Oh, we can play a little

while longer, can't we?"

I thought of the distant trees and the misty mountains she had pointed to earlier in the day and heard her voice saying, "I came from over yonder." A faint picture of the frightening shadows cast by trees at night crept over me, and I said, "No more play. You have a long way to go."

She was standing now, smoothing her rumpled dress with dirty little hands. "Will you play with me again sometimes?"

"Perhaps," I answered, but I was not sure we would meet again.

Her figure seemed smaller in the growing darkness, and her yellow dress blended strangely into the pale glow of early twilight. I heard her voice, faint and timid, "Can't you go back home with me? It's not far if we hurry."

I looked at her a long time before I spoke, then my words came slowly but clearly, "No, I cannot go back with you. We must say good-bye here. You see—you live in one direction, and I live in another." She did not seem to understand, and I could not explain. It was something deep within me that knew we could no longer walk together. I could not go back with her. She could not walk forward with me.

There was a moment of silence, then I heard a happy laugh, "I'll come back and play with you sometime," and before I could answer she was gone.

Reluctantly I turned my back on the muddy little stream and started up the twisting pathway. Above me was a vast, dark heaven, filled with other worlds shining down, making me small and lost in the blackness. There was a cool, clear wind blowing, fresh with the odor of the damp earth. I leaned against the wind and its strength helped me up the steep hill. The shadow of the child I use to be was no longer in the wind about me, and the realization of her absence left me a mixed feeling of relief and regret. I breathed deeply, *deeply* of the rushing air, and its freshness flowed through me.

The coldness brought relief, and I cried out crazily. In the air there was *nothing, nothing* but the mocking sound of my voice. My words were lifted by the wind and hurled against the hill and flung back at me. I stood and heard

the sound, clear and certain, echoing in my ears, echoing in my heart—"No second spring . . . *No second spring.*"

—ELIZABETH JONES.

RUST

*How has it come—
This rust,
That mars the silvery brilliance
Of our bar?
We held it precious once,
Proclaimed it true . . .
Polished with a love to keep
The sheen.*

*Yet now the beauty's gone,
And there is nothing left
But broken bar
And rust.*

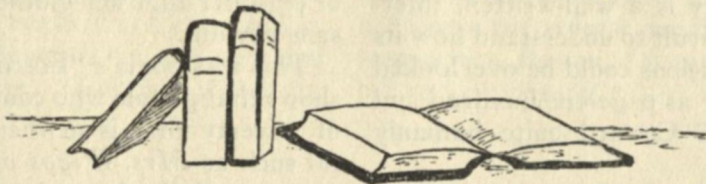
*How has it come—
This rust?
Has it been my neglect
That dulled the gleam?
Or have you somewhere found
A brighter bar?*

*Perhaps we were mistaken
Yesterday . . .
Perhaps our silver bar was
Never pure.*

*I only know there's rust
Upon the bar . . .
And what is more, that rust
Has dimmed my heart.*

—MILDRED COLLINS.

BOOK REVIEWS



Middle East Diary by Noel Coward
(Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00)

"One silly little man with one laborious little joke can cause an incredible amount of damage. It is a frightening thought that careless talk, enough careless talk, can cost more than lives. It might cost the future of Western civilization," Noel Coward says in speaking of the immense, vital importance of Anglo-American co-operation. It is too bad that Mr. Coward fell prey to this vice himself in making the rather unfortunate remark about "the mournful little Brooklyn boys lying there in tears amidst the alien war." It is even worse that unthinking Americans would take this one phrase from a very earnest and sincere book and use it as a basis for such wild schemes as barring the very charming and talented Englishman from our country and even banning his books and plays.

It also seems rather foolish for critics to use epithets such as "egocentric" and "conceited" about a diary. The book is exactly what the title implies, a diary of Mr. Coward's travels in the Middle East from July to October of 1943. During this time Mr. Coward gave with little thought of personal convenience both his time and talents in entertaining thousands of British, Canadian, and American troops stationed in the Middle East.

His croaking voice accompanied by "the vilest of pianos" was heard in hundreds of out of the way camps and remote hospitals. Once he did a performance with a temperature of one hundred and one. Of one concert he says without false modesty: "I suddenly felt stricken

and stood there, unable to move, with the sting of tears in my eyes, profoundly grateful to them for having been so easily pleased. I knew so well how much better a performance I could have given if only the conditions had been a little easier. I had given nothing more than an adequate performance for an audience that deserved the best in the world."

The style is characteristically Coward—generally entertaining in the clever manner of the expert actor and showman that he is, with a number of passages of amazing beauty. He begins: "The town presents a gallant facade to the sea; you'd never think, looking at those gray houses spreading over the hills, that so much desolation lay behind. We sailed at five forty-five, along the front; it was a lovely evening and the whole scene looked like a not very good water-color, not very good because everything was too clearly marked and accurate and all the light and shadowy effects were so correct and nicely done." In speaking of one large old ship that was sunk in a convoy, he says: "She seemed to be kneeling apologetically in the calm sea; she lingered for a few moments and then, with desolate resignation, disappeared utterly."

Amusing sketches of many interesting persons from General Eisenhower to a tough, wiry little yeoman of signals who had a strong predilection for the ballet, which he had apparently once adorned in a minor capacity, add interest to the diary. The usual Coward touches of wit are easily discernible in the remarks about the visiting American senators ("My God, they were dull!") and in his account of ejection

from an exclusive club.

Middle East Diary is a well-written, interesting book. It is difficult to understand how its charm and good intentions could be overlooked by one who got as far as page one hundred and forty, on which Mr. Coward quite humanly errs.

* * * *

Boston Adventure by Jean Stafford
(Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75)

Boston Adventure is what reviewers herald as an unevenly brilliant first novel. It is the story of Sonia Marburg, daughter of a Russian manic-depressive mother and a German immigrant father, and her journey from chambermaid at the Hotel Barstow in a small Massachusetts village to Miss Pride's exclusive Beacon Hill home in Boston.

Sonia's unhappy childhood had a few bright moments, and even these usually culminated in disaster. Sonia loved her unsuccessful showmaker father, who deserted his family to run away to the wild West after years of poring over his favorite book, a German translation of *Riders of the Purple Sage*. She loved her epileptic brother, who was the victim of his mother's fiendish hatred for men. She loved the young Jewish intellectual Nathan, whose handsome Hebraic countenance was disfigured by a huge strawberry birthmark. But her one consuming love was for the prim Boston society leader, Miss Pride.

Miss Pride came every summer to the Hotel Barstow where Sonia worked as a chambermaid. Sonia's father made shoes for Miss Pride's lovely, high-strung niece, Hopestill Mather. The one ambition of Sonia's life was to go to Boston to live with Miss Pride.

Eventually Sonia did grow up and got her wish in fairy tale style, only to find that living in the Beacon Hill mansion with Miss Pride and Hopestill, meeting all of Boston society and becoming a favorite of the countless aided

Miss Pride in making of her much the same sort of prisoner that her mother was in the state insane asylum.

This was Sonia's "Boston Adventure," and it shows that people who come from a background of poverty that is neither effusively sentimental such as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* nor essentially happy as *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* are just as much subject to the tragic misery of psychoses and neuroses as the wealthy society people of Hopestill Mather's world with their expensive New York psychiatrists.

Miss Stafford has been compared to everyone from Hans Christian Andersen to Marcel Proust. Perhaps the most apt comparison was hit upon by those who called this extraordinary first novel "A George Aphian Tree Grows in Brooklyn," for the young author has chosen for her background a setting of poverty not unlike Betty Smith's and a Boston society rather similar to that of John P. Marquand. Her style is surprisingly mature for a first novel, and in sentence structure and choice as well as in mood she can best be compared to the European master, Proust.

The major defect is that her characters are not lifelike, but in many cases in the past where implausibility has been the complaint, the most unreal characters have turned out to be the only ones who were actually taken from life. This probably stems from the reader's refusal to accept in fiction what he describes in actual life. Since first novels are so often largely autobiographical, the argument that *Boston Adventure* is not true to life seems likely to prove unimportant. Certainly it is free from many of the more serious defects of a first novel.

Boston Adventure is by no means a gay or happy book in the manner of Betty Smith's recent best seller, but it is an interesting psychological study which emphasizes the tragedy and futility of human existence. The deft touches of satire on Boston society are not unpleasing,

and the style is definitely superior. For those who like the unusual, Jean Stafford's psychological and satirical exploration of poverty and wealth is likely to please. However, if you are

one of those who desire at least a minimum of happiness for at least one character of a rather long novel, *Boston Adventure* may seem morbid and depressing.

—BETTY THOMPSON.

* * * * *

Dear Jean:

The other night I saw in a news reel a battle in the frozen hell of Germany. Shells were bursting everywhere and suffering men were being carried through the mud on stretchers. When I walked out of the movie, in my mind I was applauding more than ever, the efforts of our government to give the returning soldiers every bit of help they need to start them on the road to a normal life again.

The amazing thing to me, though, is the number of returning men who are ignoring everything the government is trying to do for them except the unemployment insurance. Take the G. I. Bill of Rights, for instance. Imagine having practically all of your expenses paid while you're going to school! And yet such a small percentage of men are going back to school. It seems they are willing to give their lives that democracy might live, yet they are coming home and complacently watching it die. Without education, government "of the people, by the people" is a mere farce.

You know, I think it is up to you and me and the rest of the girls our age to do all we can to get "our boys" to finish their education when this thing is over—not because of high-sounding reasons like preserving our heritage and safeguarding our democracy, but because of plain everyday common sense.

In the first place, when the armistice turns loose the millions of men now in the army, there will be a mad scramble for jobs. If the eligible

veterans would go back to school for a year or so, it would give the reconversion machinery set up by the government time to work, and the college boys would get a better chance.

Then again, an educated, thinking generation of men can make a better government. Waste and inefficiency in government makes for higher taxes, which means that twenty per cent tax will stay on your future fur coat, or that high income tax will cheat you out of your trip to New York. A bit of intelligent voting and careful checking on the part of "the people" can remedy this.

The very fact that the government is willing to pay for the soldiers' education shows a new awakening to the dire need for well-informed men in our country. England educates her leaders for their job of governing. But up to now, our leaders have just happened, or worse than that, they have been promoted by a none-too-pure political machine. Am I suggesting that your good looking Navy lieutenant could be President some day if he goes back to college? Well, could be. But that is not certain. One thing is guaranteed. If he goes back to school and gets really interested in the inside workings of this "one world" you will be happier, and so will he.

When you are trying on your new Spring hat, try this idea on for size.

Love,

Harry.

—AND STRENGTH

*Knowing God, I feel His sun upon my back,
A kindly strength that warms the very fibre
Of my being.*

*Knowing God, I know a cleanness in my heart,
As if a cool, refreshing breeze had swept
A silent sanctuary for Him there.*

*Knowing God, I'm rooted
In a rock which does not, shall not
Wash away.*

—TRACY HORTON.

IN SPRING

*Sun rays fall on my skin, like dandelion seeds
stippling fresh earth.
Wind sweeps around my neck, lifting my hair
and pulling each strand at its roots.
A butterfly flickers my cheek in skimming past.
I race with the bees for a new petal's nectar,
stretch my fibers to imitate flowers,
reaching for a piece of sky.
My eyes follow the sun as it rests on the lip of
a distant hill, burning the tips of the trees.
Dusk touches my arms, like a piece of cool
glass.
I exit with the sun.*

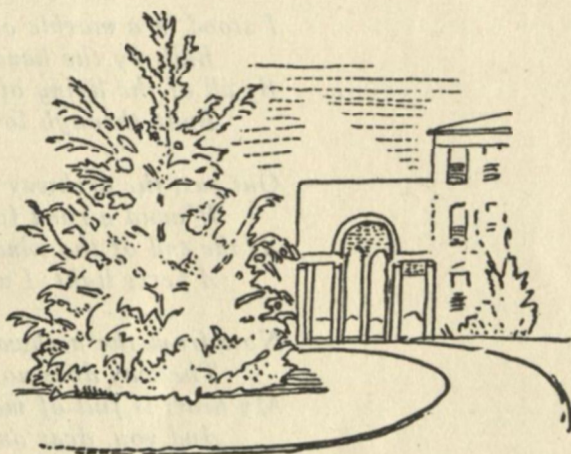
—JANICE WALKER.

IT'S THE PEOPLE

It would be difficult to define Wesleyan. To some it is a group of buildings; to others it is a place along the Atlanta highway; still others think it a place of books and drudgery. But to most of us it is none of these. To us Wesleyan is memories and people. Let us look at these parts of Wesleyan and see if our definition does not become more exact.

We'll always remember Wesleyan sunsets, the little tree by the gym turning golden and red during soccer, the candles of "Y" installation reflected in the gym windows. We'll remember heavy glasses and cups, faucets that won't stay on, and bacon sandwiches. Perhaps our most vivid memories will be of midnight feasts, soccer strategy, Thanksgiving, bull sessions, and midnight swims. We'll never forget picnic suppers, fire alarms after midnight, or how embarrassing it is to walk into chapel late. A strange thing happens to our memories. We didn't realize it while they were realities, but nearly all our memories are built around people.

Yes, it's people that make up Wesleyan. We came here to learn, but surprisingly enough the most important part of our education didn't come from books. Here we learn from people. One teacher taught us that there were 3,000,000 people in Georgia and 3,000,000 people were sick each year from curable diseases; that same man taught us to interpret the present by the past. We heard a definition of good sportsmanship in gym class, but we really learned it from a teacher who paid off her bets with her students. We studied faith in religion; we saw it function when we received notes of encouragement when we needed them most. We found in psychology that getting along with people required going more than half way; we saw it proved when our roommate



constantly overlooked our always using the basin. We heard of a philosophy of life in philosophy; we began to believe it important when a person overcame tragedy through one. We discussed respect for other religions; we saw it could be done when two girls of different faiths roomed together and became true friends. Here we learned fairly unimportant things from the books people taught. We profited much from what people did.

Since it is a group of people, Wesleyan is always changing. This year's Wesleyan is not like last year's and will not be like next year's. It is stronger or weaker depending upon the proportional strength of its people. There is an advantage to this. We can always carry this Wesleyan around in our memories and know it is unique. There will never be another like ours.

How can we define Wesleyan? I'll tell you. It's the people that make up the memories; it's the people that teach us culture; it's the people that show us living; it's the people that are Wesleyan.

—ELEANOR HOYT.

POEM

*I stood in a marble archway
 Built by the hands of the years,
 By all of the living of the past,
 Built through loves and hopes and tears.*

*Out past the archway of marble
 Wound a road forever on.
 At the end of the winding path,
 A fierce light; I was alone.*

*Now from the archway of marble
 The way does not seem too long.
 My heart is full of melody,
 And you, dear one, are the song.*

*The terminant light is softened,
 My steps fall steady and true.
 With love and tenderness guiding,
 I can walk down the way with you.*
 —MARY ANN ROACH.

TEARS

*Rain fell today, tired tears from God.
 My eyes were dry, but tears were in my heart,
 Sad tears, too deep, too deep to start.*

*Rain fell today, God's grief for man to see.
 My eyes looked up! His tears fell in my soul,
 God's tears and my tears into one perfect whole.*
 —ELIZABETH JONES.

TO: MOZART

*I heard a song today from out of the real and
ideal.*

*'Twas soft, yet unyielding material—red velvet
—lush and serene,*

Swishing and muttering the melody,

Waving heavy and light,

Playing shadows on the sheen,

Skiping from crevice to crest

And flowing over the salvage.

On the rise and swell there was exhilarant joy,

On the downs there were sighs,

*And I joyed and I sighed with the lights and
darks of the mood.*

Lush and dramatic—grand parlors,

Lyric and sparkling—green grass and high sky,

Sides of one mood—one emotion—sensation.

Complex—reminiscent—synthetic—

No chance for a picture in solo.

*But instead there's a prism panorama—shades
of the spectrum—*

All undertones to the color

Red velvet.

—MIRIAM CHYLENSKI.

HANDS

Hands that live and love,

Black, bruised, bloody hands,

Hands that give,

Hands that seek,

Hands that grasp and fail,

Hands that strive and conquer,

Hands that create,

Hands that destroy—

Hands that feel . . .

Cool and soft,

Hard and warm hands . . .

Hands that live and love.

—JANICE WALKER.

DEATH AND LIFE

Alone

*I wander in this grassy yard.
where mounds in ordered rows
extend over the farthest hill.*

*A simple stone
marks each new-sown grave,
and I read the names,
trampling my way in and out:*

"Here lies . . ."

*Bill . . . "sacred to the memory
of his country for which he died."
And Jim . . . and Dick.*

And here

*you are, dear one. This is the way
I've thought I'd find your stone—
here in sunlit Normandy by a tree.
Beneath this little plot of ground
are the brown eyes—wide, strong shoulders—
the dimple—the ready grin that were you.*

Here lie

*the dreams we had of sunlight through a win-
dow,
teacups on a shelf, birdhouses in trees,
laughing children, fireside—our home.
With you these died.*

And yet

*you did not die, for you live in all these things
we dreamed—in memory. You live, dear heart,
in the life you gave to those you knew—in the
peace you helped to bring.*

—CELIA ELISABETH LUNDY.

A CROWD IS NOT COMPANY

There is no loneliness in the world as unendurable as loneliness in the company of others. The faces, the words, the laughter only intensify our acute feeling of being apart. They are but living symbols of our aloneness, walls to enclose our sense of separateness.

Solitude is best experienced alone; loneliness, in the company of others. When we are alone we can at least enjoy our own thoughts and emotions. When we are with others, they intrude upon our private world, bringing only the empty shells of their own thoughts and emotions and leaving us with nothing. For the lonely person is essentially the person who loves life best and is most hurt by his alienation from others.

We have but to learn that loneliness is the central core of our existence, that others are lonely just as we, and that only by sharing loneliness can we overcome it.

—BETTY THOMPSON.

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